



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Hath from thy soul a second nature dealt,
And made it half a new creation seem!
A mass of kingdoms, continents, and isles!
Oceans,—those royal elements, outspread,
Heaving and wild, monotonously vast!
Terrific mountains, where the fire-floods dwell,
Or snows in cold eternity congeal;
And haggard rocks uplifted, huge and bare,
The hoary frame, woe of a ruined world;
And rivers deep, exulting as they glide,
And forests high, and brownly-wooded dales,
With meadows greenly bright, and champagnes
broad,—
And flowers, whose beauty blush'd in Paradise,
By streams that murmur of their mountain
birth;
With high-domed cities, crown'd with airy
clouds,
And shadow'd interchange of hamlets lone,
Dark slumbering in the lap of winding vales,—
Before me, like a panorama, spread!
Wherever Earth by Nature's seal is stamp'd,
Far as the ice-cold North hath bared her brow,
To where the burning South extends—from
East
To West, the theatre of Man I view.

Jerusalem, forlorn Judean Queen!
Girt with the grandeur of eternal hills,
How art thou fallen from thy sacred height
Of splendor and renown! Unhallow'd now,
Save by the tombs and memory of the past:
Hush'd are thy trumpets, that enrapt the air
With Jubilee,—when fell the Captive's chains
To freedom, heart with heart embraced, and eye
To eye beam'd fellowship; while not an ear
But feasted on that soul-awakening sound!
The Temple vast,—whose architect was God
Himself, when first the giant fabric grew,
That matchless pile, on which religion gazed
With haughty glance, where glory dwelt
enshrin'd;
Where is it now? Dead as the Roman dust,
That erst, with living valour freed, uncrown'd
Thy queenly pride, and palsied thy hewn walls,
Strewing the plains with atoms of thy strength!
And yet, where yonder marbled courts, and
mosques,
With sun-gilt minarets, like glittering peaks
Of mountain tops, are seen, a prophet stood,
And in a vision saw predestin'd Time
Advancing, with dark ruin on his wings,
To shatter thee, and sprinkle the wide earth
With orphans of thy race. How scornful rang
Thy laughter, when such vision was unroll'd!
But when thy hills were echoed with the cries
Of desolation, howling her despair,
Many a demon on the riverless winds
Exulted, shouting with revenged joy,
"Thus sink the glories of great Palestine!"

Kings in general, and Napoleon in particular, are treated of as follows:—

"A word of kings,—what thunder in the sound!
These delegates of God—yea, gods themselves,
Upon whose lip the fate of empire hangs,
Tremendous is their charge: one speaks,—and lo!
Up springs Infernal War, and stalks abroad,
Unrolls his blood-red banner on the wind;
And in the groan of widow'd nations hails
The music of his fume!—Another speaks,—
And Peace, with olive in her radiant hand,
Glides like an angel through the world, and prints
A trace of glory whoso'er she tread!
So great are Kings, that did the royal heirs,
Or despots, who have waded seas of blood
To wield a sceptre, know the awful weight
Of duty on a monarch's shoulder hung,
How few would battle for the throne of kings,
Or risk Eternity, to wear a crown!"

And who could ponder on these war-doomed
scene,
Nor dream thy shadow swelling into life!
"Napoleon" on the island rock thou sleep'st;
But such a storm thy spirit raised, so full
The swell of feeling born of thee, that Time
Must lend his magic to allay the rush
And tempest of opinion into truth,
That, taming wonder, stamps thee as thou wert,—
A Tyrant! in whose passion for a power
Enthroned above all liberty and law,
Thou stand'st alone, unparagon'd; thy pride
Of domination towering far o'er heights
Of monarchy,—a shadow of mine own,
That scorn'd an equal, though he proved a God!

And therefore did I hail thee, Kingly One!
But strange the tide of human sympathy;
Mean crimes are branded with avenging scorn,
While great ones, that should water Earth with
tears,
Of dazzle condemnation into praise,
And praise to pity, when their greatness fails:
The throneless, in the heart a throne acquires,
And Admiration in his sigh can drown
The wail of millions, haunting each red field
Of havoc, where their Desolator trod!
The wish is hated, but the deed cares'd,
Of mad Ambition;—Glory heals the wound."

Touching the men in whom a sense of divine things is choked by the cares and pleasures of this world, Satan thus discourses:—

"But there are others of unheavenly hue;
A mass of creatures by the earth beloved,
Who bear a seemly face, reverse their limbs
And senses, smile on Nature when they please,
And walk through life, as children by a shore,
Who sport and laugh, and reap the sandy toys
That glitter on their path,—yet sometimes pause
With museful eye, to mark the awing swell
Of Ocean, like a vision, heaving wild.—
Too mean for Virtue, too polite for Vice.
The happy medium which their spirits keep
Is fitly toned to temporal joys:—they live,
As though Eternity were such a life,
And drown all instincts of diviner growth
In plots and plans, whereby the hours are wing'd.
The one is fearful of the trait'rous winds
Wafting a sailing palace o'er the deep;
What fancy-shipwreck overwhelms the soul!
What billows ever rocking in his brain!
Another hath a mountainous ascent
Of life to vanquish where a rival blooms:
Though Angels whisper to his heart,—Return!
Still must he onward up to glory climb.
Then comes the zealot, wronging country's wounds;
And yet, with what a pleased prophetic yell,
As screams the vulture round his future prey,
His fancy reveals o'er a ruin'd land!
And thus, blasphemous of the patriot name,
He lives on vileness that his tongue creates.

And such are these, who make the middle class
Of creatures, wedded to the dust they tread,
But doom'd to wrestle with contrasted lots,
And all the cloudy woes of life. There droops a
man,

Poetic sadness in his pensive eye,
As haunting tombs, or scenes beyond the dead;
And here, a victim of tempestuous thought,
Wolf-eyed, and glaring out his wilder'd mind
In glances lit with torture!—while to mock
Their coward anguish, see a soulless thing
Appear, whose spirit bubbles out in song:
And this is life,—a sunbeam in a storm!"

Here dwells my power; in living things that
grasp
The Spirit, or that blind it with a blaze
Reflected from the scene of earthly show,
That curtains up Eternity's smoke
Divine, no energies which pant for heaven,
Within the depths of such a spirit play;
But he, who from his soul the sensual chain
Uncurls, and looks into life's holier things,
Wears attributes beyond the reach of Hell.
Then Time is no enchanter, though his cup
May sparkle, and with brimming sweets be crown'd.
The shadows of a far mysterious world
He longs to enter, triumph o'er this scene,
And gather round him like a girdling spell."

Surely "the Devil was sick, and the Devil
a monk would be," when he soliloquized in
such a strain as this.

A peep at the Devil in London, and we
have done:—

"But hail! thou city-giant of the world!
Thou that dost scorn a canopy of clouds,
But in the dimness of eternity smoke
For ever rising like an ocean-steam,
Dost mantle thine immensity, how vast
And wide thy wonderful array of domes,
In dusky masses staring at the skies!
Time was, and dreary solitude was here;
When night-black woods, unvisited by man,
In howling conflict wrestled with the winds.
But now, the storm-roll of immingled life
Is heard, and, like a roaring furnace, fills
With living sound the airy reach of miles!
Thou more than Rome! for never from her heart
Such universe-awaking spirit pour'd,
As emanates from thine. The mighty globe
Is fever'd by thy name; a thousand years,
And silence hath not known thee! What a weight
Of awfulness will doomdays from thy scene
Derive; and when the blasting trumpet smites
All cities to destruction, who will sink
Sublime, with such a thunder-crash as thou!"

Myriads of domes, and temples huge, or high,
And thickly wedded, like the ancient trees
That in unviolated forests frown;
Myriads of streets, whose river-windings flow
With viewless billows of unweary sound;
Myriad of hearts in full commotion mix'd,
From noon to noon, from noon to night again,
Through the wide realm of whirling passion borne,
And there is London!—England's heart and soul.
By the proud flowing of her famous Thames
She circulates through countless lands and isles
Her greatness; gloriously she rules,
At once the awe and sceptre of the world!"

Shall we venture to say, that with all this
fine sounding phrasology, the ideas are pro-

saic, and the diction inflated? That passion
sleeps while declamation storms? Alas! for
the spirit-moving touches of Wordsworth; or
the minute graphic delineations of Crabbe!

The Country Curate. By the author of the
Subaltern and the Chelsea Pensioners, 2 vols.
8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

THE Country Curate is a very agreeable book.
The author is already favourably known to the
public, and especially to the readers of Black-
wood's Magazine, in which, besides other pro-
ductions from his pen relating to foreign adventures,
the introduction and three of the tales
that constitute the present volumes, first ap-
peared. The work is very prettily and har-
moniously written, something in the style of
Washington Irving's Sketch Book, but never-
theless, not an offensive servile imitation, for
in the cast of his plots we observed a strong
resemblance to the Tales of Crabbe.

The sketches, which are, we think, ten in
number, are all of a mournful cast, as might
reasonably have been expected by all who re-
member the character of Abraham Williams,
the supposed narrator, whose story is one of
those that had previously appeared.

From the Rose of East Kent, we select the
following specimen of the manner in which the
work is written, which will not be the less in-
teresting to our readers that it relates, in some
degree at least, to Ireland; with the pathos we
shall not meddle, as we could not do it any
justice within the limits of an extract:—

"The mother of Rose, it appeared, was an
Irish woman, the daughter of an ancient but
poor Milesian family. Her name was Fitzge-
rard, and she was a native of the romantic dis-
trict of Bantry Bay, not far from the shores
of which stood her father's castle, still frown-
ing in all the pride of baronial magnificence,
but almost entirely denuded of the acres which
once afforded a princely revenue to its owners.
It is not necessary to state, that wherever the
virtue of hospitality may be obsolete, it still
exists among the gentry of Ireland; nor could
any of the class boast of a larger portion of the
spirit, than Mr. Fitzgerald. A King's ship
never came to an anchor in the bay, without an
invitation being immediately conveyed to its
officers, who were expected, as often as their
duty would permit, to make Fitzgerald Castle
their home; and if the fare to which they
were introduced could not always boast of an
excess of refinement, it was at least very abun-
dant, and very freely given. Among other
stations to which the vessel which Captain
Wilmot commanded, was sent, Bantry Bay
chanced to be one; and the same liberality
which had been afforded to others, was extended
to him. He became a frequent visitor at the
castle; and no great while elapsed ere he con-
ceived the idea of forming a closer connexion
with its proprietor.

"Though poor in worldly substance, Mr.
Fitzgerald, like many other men similarly cir-
cumstanced, was rich in being the father of
seven unmarried daughters, of whom the mo-
ther of Rose was the youngest. 'She was a
beautiful creature, Sir,' continued Bligh; 'in
short, just such another as Miss Rose herself;
and so merry, and kind-hearted, and free in
her manners, that it was a real pleasure to be
near her. Well, what does my master do?
Without considering that an old crazy hulk of
a sea-officer is no fit match for a girl of nine-

teen, he proposed to make her his wife, and the proposal was not objected to by my lady's father. But she, poor soul!—you never witnessed such a change as came over her, from the time when her wedding was first talked of. She did not refuse him, it is true; for why?—she was portionless; and her father made no secret of his desire to see her wedded and settled; but she lost from that moment all her gaiety and mirth, and became as grave and woe-begone as need be. Well, well, why make a short story long? They were married; the Captain carried her away in his own ship; and the ship being paid off soon after, we all removed here into Kent.'

"It is probable that change of scene, and a constant intercourse with strangers, served for a time to elevate the spirits of Mrs. Wilmot; for, according to Bligh's account, her manner was more cheerful during the voyage and journey, than it had been for many weeks before; but she no sooner found herself settled in a fixed habitation, than her melancholy returned with increased force. No husband could behave with greater kindness towards his wife, than Captain Wilmot behaved towards her. She never expressed a wish that he did not immediately gratify; but as he was more than double her age, she never could, and never did, regard him in the light of a companion. On the contrary, though sensibly alive to his generous treatment, there was an involuntary shrinking back whenever he approached her, which she could not always conceal, even from him; but which she accounted for by attributing it to a nervous affection, to which from her childhood she had been liable. Nor was this all. She felt, with an intensity such as is experienced only by the native of a mountainous country, her separation from all the objects, animate or inanimate, with which her childhood had been familiar; and she pined to visit again the spot of her birth. So, at least, she herself asserted; but whether there might not be some cause for her dejection more deep even than this, may very well be doubted.

"Mrs. Wilmot's health declined so fast under the pressure of mental distress, that the Captain determined, with a view of leaving nothing undone that could be effected, to carry her back, for a while, to Bantry. One circumstance only prevented him from executing that design immediately, which was, that she promised, before long, to add another to the objects of his love; but the very prospect seemed to cheer her, and for a season good hopes were entertained that she might yet do well. Sorrow, however, from whatever cause arising, had done its work too effectually. She gave birth to Rose in due time, and she never quitted her room after.

"So far, Bligh's story presented few traits, which may not be discovered in the details of human life as it appears every day: there was one fact, however, attending this transaction, to which I could not listen without a sense of painful mistrust. It appeared that when all hope of her recovery ceased to be encouraged, Mrs. Wilmot desired to be left alone with her husband, and that they continued shut up together for some time. What passed during that solemn interview no one can tell; but the Captain, when he came forth, was an altered man; though the only words which he was heard to utter, calculated in any degree to throw a light upon the mystery, were these—As he hurried through the passage, he smote

his hand violently on his forehead, and exclaimed: 'Oh, God! why was it concealed from me! why was this done!' Beyond this, however, he never went: and his unintermitting attention to his wife showed, that of whatever nature her communication might be, it contained no disclosure derogatory to her honour. But the Captain's care and kindness were equally unavailing. Mrs. Wilmot died, and was followed to her grave by a profound and sincere mourner in her husband.

"It would have been strange had a child, born under circumstances similar to the above, proved other than an object of the tenderest affection and liveliest interest to its parent. Captain Wilmot may be said, for a time, to have lived only whilst his daughter was present to his gaze; and the extravagance of his attachment, though it took a somewhat different turn, abated in no degree to the last. It is true, that there was always a dash of melancholy even in his most intimate converse with his child; he spoke to her in a tone of easy gaiety; and his eyes have often been seen to fill with tears as they rested upon her; but nobody expressed surprise at this, inasmuch as she was the very image of her mother. But there were other peculiarities about the Captain. He was never known from the day of his wife's funeral, to make so much as an allusion to his married life, nor did Rose ever hear him mention her mother's name. People put their own construction on this matter, according to their different dispositions and tempers, some attributing it to one cause, and some to another, but as the truth has never come out, it were little better than a waste of time to hazard even a conjecture about it.

In the meanwhile the infant grew apace, and, after some female ancestor, by the Wilmot side, was christened Rose; and well worthy was she of so sweet a name, for there never lived a human being more perfectly attractive. She was beautiful,—yet her personal beauty formed the very least of her attractions. Artless, gentle, and generous, Rose was never so happy as when accident or design enabled her to increase the happiness of others; and she was, in consequence, an object of love and esteem to the whole of the surrounding neighbourhood. As she passed from stage to stage, from infancy to childhood, and from childhood to youth, every day brought to light some new excellence, of which it was scarcely believed that she was possessed. There was a gravity about her, the offspring, in all probability, of peculiar circumstances, which rendered her at a very early period a companion to the old; whilst it was tempered by so happy an intermixture of animation and life, that she entered at all times no less freely nor less spiritedly into the amusements of the young. I should say, indeed, that her disposition was rather serious than gay,—that she thought much, and felt deeply, without caring to give proof of the former, or make a display of the latter; yet were it an act of injustice towards her did my description create the notion that she was either sensitively shy, or affectedly prudish. On the contrary, she was the very child of nature; and so perfectly aware were her acquaintances of this fact, that she went among them by the endearing appellation of the Rose of East Kent.

"Rose was not accomplished in the ordinary acceptation of that term; that is to say, she was no classic, and the only modern tongues

with which she was acquainted were the English and the French. She played, indeed, and sang, with taste and feeling; but her sole instrument was the piano-forte; and her collection of music consisted almost entirely of wild and simple national airs. But Rose was possessed of acquirements far more valuable than can be bestowed by the ablest masters. Her heart was good, her understanding was clear, and her disposition just so far romantic as to give a zest to the enjoyments of real life, without contributing, in any very serious degree at least, to magnify its petty grievances. But above all, Rose was religious, not, as sometimes happens, ostentatiously so, but vitally and sincerely religious. She believed that it was her duty to do to all as she would have others to do to herself; she was consequently a generous, whilst she was a most judicious friend to the unfortunate. She believed that it was her duty to contribute, as far as lay in her power, to the instruction, as well as to the bodily wants of the poor; she therefore attended our village school with zeal and punctuality; but she did not consider that her station in life had imposed upon her the office of a controversialist. Rose was no disputant upon points of doctrine, either in the cottage or elsewhere; and having a profound respect for religion, she very seldom made it the subject of her every-day conversation. In a word, Rose Wilmot was one of those perfect beings whom men are apt to consider as too good for earth, and whose premature deaths give, in too many instances, a sort of confirmation to the theory.

"Such were the inhabitants of the Toll when I first arrived in Kent; Rose being then in her eighteenth, as her father was in his sixty-seventh year. I soon became a visitor at the house; and when my mother and sister arrived, to superintend my domestic affairs, the acquaintance, which had already begun, was continued with daily increasing intimacy. The Captain, frank, open, and manly, made no parade of wealth, nor pretended to entertain in a style to which his fortune was inadequate; but to his plain fare we were ever welcome; whilst Rose finding in my sister a companion to her taste, the two became, before long, inseparable."

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Part 7. Insect Architecture.—London, Charles Knight.

It has been observed of certain books, that the reading of them forms an epoch in a man's life. The Publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have, perhaps in that sense, formed an epoch in the intellectual existence of the British islands, and perhaps, too, ultimately of all Europe. From the times of Aristotle and Euclid to our own, a great many additions to the stock of useful knowledge, have been made, with more or less success, but till the time of Bacon, men of learning and observation seemed rather inclined to show their own superior skill and to impose their opinions on the ignorant, than to inform the minds of others by a philanthropic devotion of their own talents to the moral necessities of their fellow men. But with Bacon we may identify one grand era of Europe, as he seems to have been the first who pointed out, at least with success, the way to a more wholesome knowledge, by eradicating from men's minds the determined dogmatism which ruled the